OPERA.

WIMBLEDON.—Next Week: CARL ROSA OPERA CO. Mon., at 8. Cavalleria Rusticana & I Pagliacci.

THEATRES, ETC.

ALDWYCH.—To-day, 2.30, 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.30. RALPH LYNN in A BIT OF A THRILL.

AMBASSADORS, (Tem. 1171.) Evenings 8.30. To 18th Sat. 2.30 THE STREETS OF LONDON.

APOLLO, (Ger. 2663.) DOUBLE HARNESS. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Sats., 2.30. Doris Nanry, Mary Eldon. This stirring, vivid play.—E. News. LAST WEEK.

COMEDY.—(Wh. 3578.) "BALLYHOO" REVUE. Evgs., at 8.30. Mats., MON. and SAT., at 2.30.

CRITERION.—8.30. Mats., Tues., Th., Sat., 2.30. Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys in DODO.

FRESH FIELDS, by Ivor Novello. (Whi. 3844.)

DALY'S (Ger. 2157), Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. "IT'S YOU I WANT," Seymour Hicks, Viola Tree, Joan Clarkson, Nora Swinburne.

DRURY LANE, (Tem. 7171). Nightly, 8.15. HASSARD SHORT'S production of WILD VIOLETS. Musical Comedy Operetta. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUCHESS, W.C.2.—CHILDREN IN UNIFORM. 8.30 Wed. & Sat. 2.30. NEW PRICES. 2/- to 6/-.

EMBASSY (Pri. 2211.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30. ALL GOD'S CHILLUN. By Eugene O'Neill.

GAIETY.—8.15, Thu., Sat., 2.30. ALICE DELYSIA in Charles B. Cochran's production, MOTHER OF PEARL, by A. P. Herbert. Music by Oscar Straus.

GARRICK (Tem. 8713). OPPORTUNITY MONTH 2 seats for price of 1. WHILE PARENTS SLEEP. Nightly, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40. Last 5 weeks.

GOLDERS GREEN.—At 8. Mat., Saturday, 2.30. Basil Dean's Production SERVICE.

HAYMARKET. (Wh. 3272.) TEN MINUTE ALIBI. 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Rbt. Douglas, Edna Johnston.

HIPPODROME (Ger. 3272), Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sats., 2.30. "THE ONE GIRL." Lupino Lane, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Brown, Mireille Perrey, Robert Nesbitt, etc.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—(Whi. 6606. THE DUBARRY. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

LITTLE (People's Nat. Thr.).—8.30. COCK ROBIN. Mat., To-morrow, 2.30. (LAST 3 PERFS.)

LYCEUM. Nightly at 8. OLIVER TWIST. Frankau Dyall, Mary Merrall. "Faithful to Dickens."—News of World. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30. Temple Bar 3612.

LYRIC (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. GAY LOVE. Muriel Aked, Richard Bird, Lester Matthews, Enid Stamp-Taylor, and Margaret Rennerman.

NEW.—8.15. (Ger. 2690.) RICHARD THE THIRD-ACK. JOHN GIELGUD, GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES. Mats Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 sharp. (Tem. 2578.)

PALACE (Ger. 6834).—8.30. DINNER AT EIGHT. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Ivor Novello, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker, Hazel Sydney, Lyn Harding.

PLAYHOUSE.—Gladys Cooper & Ivor Novello in CLIVE IN THE SUN. (Last 8 Perfs.) Ends at 8.30. Mat., SATURDAY, at 2.30.

QUEEN'S (Ger. 4517.) ONCE IN A LIFETIME. Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY.—8.30. Th., S., 2.30. Ernest Milton in FRANCIS THOMPSON, with Mary Glynne.

ST. MARTIN'S.—THE GREEN BAY TREE. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 1443.

SAVILLE.—TUES. next, 8.15. Subs. Evgs., 8.30. BOBBY HOWES in HE WANTED ADVENTURE. Marie Burke, Wylie Watson, Raymond Newell, and Brilliant Company. 1st Mat. Sat., April 1, at 2.30. Subs. Wed. & Sat., at 2.30. (Tem. 4611.)

SAVOY.—GEORGE ROBEY in JOLLY ROGER. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8686.

STRAND.—Evgs., 8.30. NIGHT OF THE GARTER. Sydney Howard. Wed. Th. 2.30. Last 2 weeks.

STREATHAM HILL.—At 8. Mat., Saturday, 2.30. Great Musical Success, TELL HER THE TRUTH.

VAUDEVILLE.—Evgs., 8.30. CHAUVE SOURIS. MATS. MON. AND SAT., 2.30. (Last weeks.)

VAUDEVILLE, Strand (Tem. 4871). Matinees TODAY and 28th, 31st, at 3. 6/- of FOUR PSYCHIC PLAYS. All seats bookable (usual prices).

WESTMINSTER, Victoria.—MARIE NEY in THE LAKE. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Vic. 0293.

WHITEHALL.—8.30. W., S., 2.30. ROAD HOUSE. Godfrey Tearle, Marion Lorne, Gordon Harker.

WYNDHAM'S (Tem. 3028.) To-night at 8.30. THIS INCONSTANCY. Gertrude Lawrence, Leslie Banks, Hugh Wakefield, Nigel Bruce.

VARIETY THEATRES.

HOLBORN EMPIRE.—(Hol. 5567. 6.30, 9. LEW STONE & HIS MONSEIGNEURS BAND. Randolph Sutton; Wilks, Keppel & Betty; Tex McLeod; Rex & Rex; Bennett & Williams; Ted Ray; Gaudee Hot Steppers; Betty Hobbs' Girls, etc.

LEICESTER SQ. THEATRE.—Non-Stop, 2.30-11.30. 1/-, 6/-. Bkable 8/6. Don Azpiazu, Mariana, Celia Montalvan.

LONDON PAVILION.—2 to 11.30. 1/3 to 5/-. World's Greatest Stars in NON-STOP VARIETY.

MASKELYNE'S.—Lang. 1545. Daily at 2 & 8 p.m. THE WORLD FAMOUS MYSTERY SHOW.

PALLADIUM.—(Ger. 7373. At 6.30, 9. Mats. Wed., Th., at 2.30. 4th CRAZY MONTH with Nervo & Knox; Naughton & Gold; Flanagan & Allen; Nellie Wallace; Carvill & Mundy; Eddie Gray; Lucky Boys; Cirmani; Romance in Porcelain etc.

VICTORIA PALACE (Vic. 5282). 6.25 & 9.0. TWO SHOWS IN ONE—complete. French Revue and 8 Variety Acts, inc. Dick Henderson, Nat Mills & Bobbie, Little Doreen, Lalla Dodd.

CONTINUOUS REVUE.

PRINCE OF WALES.—2 to 11.30. 1/- to 5/-. SANS ARRET, entirely new French Revue.

WINDMILL. Picc.-circ. (opp. the Trocs). REVUDEVILLE NO. 22. John Tiller, Betty Norton, Hugh Ormond. Cont. 1.30-11.30. 2nd YEAR.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S. Baker-st. Sta.—Dr. & Suns. 10-10. Latest Model HERR ADOLF HITLER.

PICCADILLY HOTEL. Regent 8080. GALA TO-NIGHT. LEON ROGER.

STREATHAM RINK.—Tot. Ice Hockey Trophy. U.S.A. v CANADA. Mon., 27th, at 8. Book now—5/- to £1. Gen. Adm. 3/6 (incl. Skate).

CINEMA THEATRES.

ACADEMY, Oxford (opp. Warings). Ger. 2981. Rene Clair's "14 JUILLET." 2.0, 4.12, 6.24, 8.36.

ADELPHI, Strand.—3 Revs. Dly. 2.30, 6.15, 8.45. Suns., 6 & 8.30. EDDIE CANTOR in The KID from SPAIN, with the Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls. Seats 1/6 to 5/6 inc. Book in advance. Tem. 7611.

ALHAMBRA, Leic.-sq.—Cont. 12 noon, 1/- to 3/9. WILL ROGERS in "TOO BUSY TO WORK." JOE E. BROWN in "YOUTH AIN'T BEAUTIFUL."

ASTORIA (Gat. 3201).—Gerr. 3528. Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise"; 1.35, 4.30, 7.3, 9.40. "Cross Examination," etc.

CAPITOL.—Haymarket. (Whi. 2929.) Leslie Howard, JESSIE MATTHEWS in "THE GOOD COMPANIONS." 12.55, 3.45, 6.20, 9. "Pleasure Island," News, etc.

CARLTON.—Continuous. 1s. RONALD COLMAN Greatest Romance "CYNARA" with Kay Francis. 1/6, 2/6 11.45—1. Whi. 3711.

CINEMA HOUSE, Oxford. Ger. 7142. Premiere. "Rasputin, the Intercessor." 2.15, 4.50, 7.25, 10.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Daily from 10 Noon. —20,000 YEARS IN SING-SING.

Starring SPENCER TRACY & BETTE DAVIS.—Also PETER HAYES & DARSIE JAMIESON in "AFTER THE BALL." Silly Sym. News. 1/- to 3/9, incl. tax. No seat over 1/6 up to 1.30.

EMPIRE, Leic.-sq.—"This is Laugh Parade." Mark Sandrich's Super Production "Hearts in Bondage." Plus Laurel & Hardy's latest. Also Mickey Mouse and four more fun items.

MARBLE ARCH PAV.—Mayfair 5112. Premiere: SYDNEY HOWARD in "UP FOR THE DERBY." 3.45, 6.45, 9.45. Sally Eilers in "Ukelal Divorce."

METROPOLE. Vic. 4673. John Barrymore in "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT." Lee Tracy in "BLESSED EVENT," also Mickey Moure.

NEW GALLERY.—Reg. 2255. Premiered CICELY COURTNEIDGE in "SOLDIERS OF THE KING." 1.20, 4.50, 8.20. Smoke Lightning News.

NEW VICTORIA.—2,000 seats 1/- (12-4). Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise," at 12.20 3.5, 5.50, 8.25. "Deception."

PLAZA.—London's Greatest Show: "CRIME OF THE CENTURY." Wynne Gibson, Jean Hersholt, Stuart Erwin. Colossal Thriller! Lee Tracy, Lupe Velez, "HALF NAKED TRUTH." Eugene Pallette, Daring Farces! 1/6 10.15—1. Whi. 8443.

POLYTECHNIC TH., Reg.-st. Lang 1740.—"SILVERTIP" also "BLUE LIGHT." 2.35, 5.30, 8.15.

REGAL, Mble Ar.—James Cagney in "HARD TO HANDLE," at 1.10, 3.55, 6.50, & 9.30. Also Bill Boyd & Chic Sale in "THE GREAT DECISION."

RIALTO, Piccadilly. Ger. 3488. 12-12. Last day. Leni Riefenstahl's WONDER PICTURE, THE WHITE FLAME." 1.20, 4.10, 7, 9.45.

STOLL, Kingsway.—12 Noon. Great 4 feature Programme: William Powell, Kay Francis in "ONE WAY PASSAGE"; Alison Skipworth in "THE SPORTING WIDOW"; Will Rogers, Marian Nixon in "TOO BUSY TO WORK." Movietone News.

TIVOLI.—Temple (tube Se.). Noel Coward's spectacular presentation—"CAVALCADE." 3 sep. perfs. daily, at 3.50, 6.15, and 8.55. Any seat bookable.

TUSSAUD'S.—"ONE WAY PASSAGE." (Last days.) Kay Francis. Also "THE SPORTING WIDOW."

AMBASSADORS THEATRE Tem. 1171
8.30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat. 2.30
THE FUNNIEST PLAY IN LONDON.
THE STREETS OF LONDON
SAM LIVESEY. SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.
MARGARETTA SCOTT. HAROLD WARRENDER
"The Assidistras" in their front parlour entertainment.
"THOUGH NOBODY COULD SEE IT WITHOUT LAUGHING, THERE ARE THINGS TO BE THOUGHT ABOUT AS WELL AS THINGS TO BE LAUGHED AT. ADMIRABLE SETTING AND ACTING."—G. K. Chesterton in "Illustrated London News."

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Daily Express

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FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1933.

THREE WINDOWS ON RUSSIA

LAST night the Soviet Ambassador in London held a reception at the Russian Embassy.

Ministers, diplomats, politicians, leading lights of public life and of society were present, and even some carefully selected representatives of the British Bolsheviki.

They revelled in the good will, good wine, and good food which always characterise these Russian Nights in Kensington.

And while the festivities went on British policemen protected the host and guests against the possibility of interference by interlopers with the same efficiency that the Cossacks once showed in protecting the Czar.

Yesterday afternoon the Soviet ship Smolny discharged her cargo at London Bridge.

She brought butter, bacon, and tinned fruit to the British market from a land where the workers wait for their rations in the hunger queues while Red Guards extort farm produce from the sullen peasants at the bayonet point.

The Smolny will have all the facilities of the port of London at her disposal. The authority of Britain will guarantee the absolute safety of her sailors' lives and the security of her goods.

Yesterday morning, following the protests of the British Government and the threat of further action, the Bolsheviks in Moscow released on huge bail three of the four British subjects whom they had flung into prison. The fourth is still held in an Ogpu cell, and the British Ambassador is refused the right to visit him.

These men belong to a firm which spent ten years building up the engineering works which the Soviets have boasted about to the world.

Now, seized by arbitrary arrest, accused on the vile charge of criminal wrecking, denied counsel, refused bail for fourteen days, indicted before a tribunal hungry for a sacrifice, in peril of death—this is the fate of British citizens in Russia.

* * *

The Policy Of Action

The Government have announced their plans in the national drive against unemployment. They are:—

Build another Government office.

Instal automatic telephone exchanges. This would save still more labour.

Have another talk about the Cunarder.

Build bigger labour exchanges for Britain's biggest industry—unemployment.

Let nobody in future say that the Government are not alive to the situation.

* * *

Leave Them In Peace

We commend the outspoken and kindly priest who declared yesterday that he did not believe that Anny Ahlers committed suicide.

Neither do we believe that it was necessary for a coroner's jury to give the world its opinion that this tragic girl took her own life.

Though a coroner's jury must take proper care to safeguard those interests which may be affected by the method of a person's death, such as insurance, there should be a stronger disposition to refrain from the verdict of suicide whenever there may be the least doubt.

For the verdict, more often than not, can serve no purpose but to deepen sorrow—to pain friends and hurt a memory.

* * *

Back To Savagery

Hitler, by his threat to stage public hangings in Berlin, puts back not the clock but the calendar.

He thinks he will destroy all opposition to his cause.

He is wrong.

By such an action he will raise in Germany the Beast which lies in the dark well of the centuries.

* * *

The Milch Cow Must Kick

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, for his own sake, must deny or explain the alleged statement of M. Bonnet, the French Finance Minister, that Britain would not ask France for the instalment of her war debt to us.

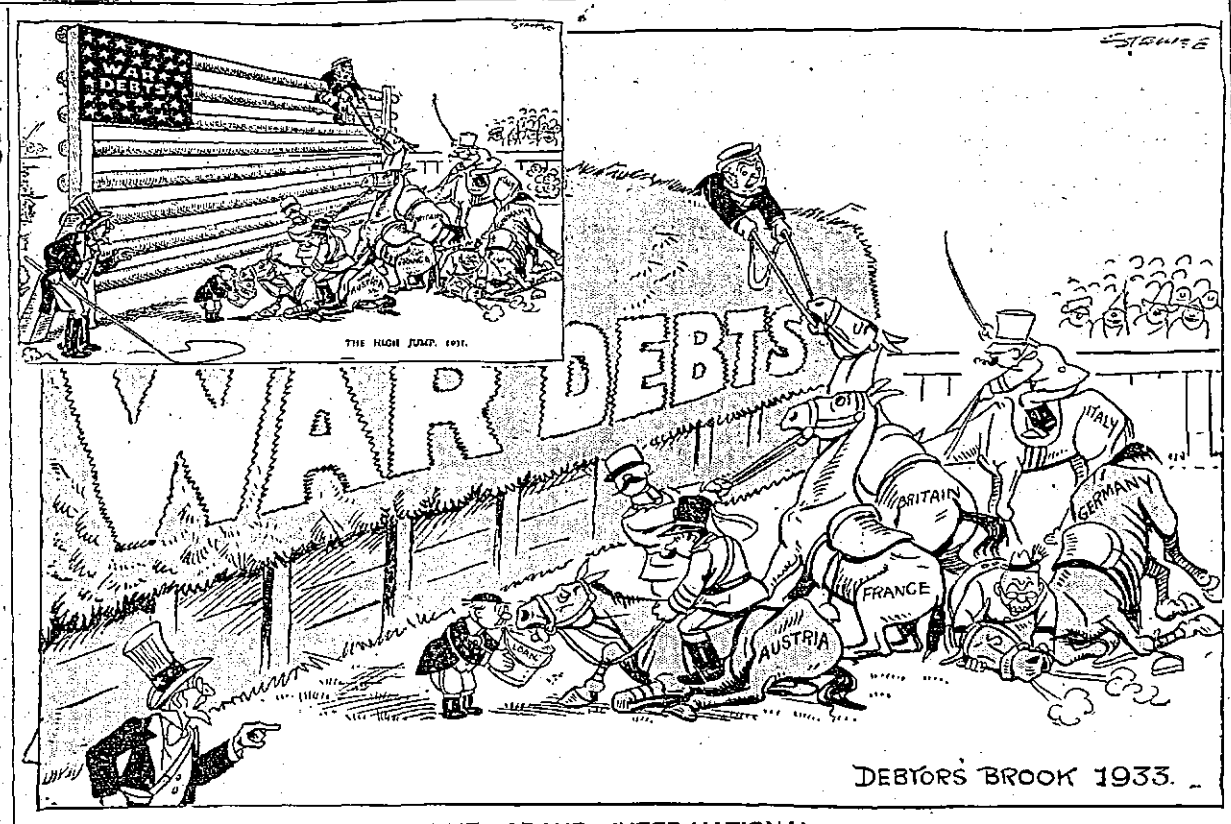
Britain has £170 millions of gold.

France has £646 millions.

We are paying our debt to America.

France is not paying her debt to America.

It would be the final act of insanity in the madhouse drama of the debts for us to forgive France and go on paying America.



THE GRAND INTER-NATIONAL

The top left-hand cartoon published two years ago shows the relative position of the horses then—below, the position to-day.

SUPPOSING I had a DAUGHTER....

By The Dragoman

A FEW days ago the Literary Editor of the "Daily Express" told us some of his hopes and plans for the future of his three fine sons.

I have no sons. I have no daughters. I am not even married.

Still, let us suppose that I had a daughter.

❖ ❖ ❖

FOR the first few years of her life I should lazily shift the responsibility of her education to my wife.

Only when she began to reach years of so-called discretion would I take a hand.

I would concede this to the modern educational theorists: that I would try never to enforce absolute bans without giving a reason which might at least sound adequate—even though it might really be just one of the ready-made scraps of "wisdom" with which adults comfort themselves.

I would never fall back on the "Daddy says so" buttress for a dogmatic prohibition which so rightly infuriates all sensible children.

I would, however, put my foot down firmly if any of her more meddlesome aunts or godparents suggested that my daughter should be sent to a boarding-school.

I should hate to have her turned into a dumpish hockey-player or an ecstatic Mädchen in Uniform.

❖ ❖ ❖

NO, her "education" would be along some such lines as these: I would send her abroad as much as I could when she was growing up—to Germany, to the fjords of Norway, to the Dalmatian coast, and especially to the Latin countries, to Italy and Spain, so that she might acquire the more balanced attitude to work and leisure that comes from living in a sunny climate and some intuitive knowledge of the European cultural background without which any mind is grey and shapeless and shallow.

"Just as a precaution I should give her a taste of Mayfair night life. . . ."

I would have her taught small practical accomplishments—how to cook an omelette, how to use a "Bradshaw," how to bandage a wounded hand, how to bath a baby, how to drive a car, how to make up her face becomingly, how to carry on at least an elementary conversation in French or in one of the international "auxiliary" languages which in twenty years time will probably have begun to be really useful.

Unless she gave spontaneous indications of extraordinary talent, I would discourage her from wasting her time in learning to play the piano, in water-colour dabbling, or in any other of the pretty amateur parlour-tricks which are already almost valueless.

Literature—especially poetry—she should have the opportunity of appreciating from earliest childhood. Her tutors would, I hope, be Blake and Marvell and Shakespeare and Auden.

Blake could express an entire sermon in a quatrain:

He who bends to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy:
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

Marvell would teach her the pure delight of visual experience:

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night.

Auden would teach her that

Private faces in public places
Are wiser and nicer
Than public faces in private places.

The Bible, too—yes, she should certainly read that—though I should have to warn her that her comfort and her social relationships might be endangered if she took too seriously some of the ethical teachings of the New Testament.

There is *no* book that I should forbid her to read.

I would take her to see the Marx Brothers and Russian films—but not to "Peter Pan."

❖ ❖ ❖

ALL too soon my daughter would be eighteen years old.

I should strive my utmost to prevent her from becoming all that the word "débutante" has come in recent years to imply.

I should hope that after her careful, her catholic, and her cultural education she would have more sense than to want to take part in blackleg mannequin parades, to giggle and preen herself daily at the Ritz at lunch time, and to frequent night clubs with brainless, gilded gigolos.

Just as a precaution, however—a kind of inoculation—I should give her a taste of Mayfair night-life.

I should send her out every night for a month to the noisiest, hottest, gayest centres of the night-club racket.

If that did not cure her she would not be worth taking any more trouble about.

❖ ❖ ❖

I HAVE left to the last the two most important problems—sex and religion.

It is, I know, considered presumptuous nowadays for parents to meddle in their children's sexual life or religious views, but I should at least endeavour to give my daughter (in the publishers' jargon) if not an "omnibus" at least an "outline."

I should see that from the age of twelve or so upwards she was given clear, cold-blooded instruction about sex—just as she might be taught about her digestive system or how to preserve her eyesight or her complexion.

❖ ❖ ❖

I SHOULD teach her about religion, too, by presenting it to her objectively. I should give her "The Golden Bough" to read—but I should point out that even if Christianity did derive some of its philosophy from Plato and Aristotle and some of its ceremonial from Mithraism and other "pagan" forerunners, it is not necessarily any the worse for that.

I should point out, too, the profound and dramatic correspondence between the seasons of the Church's year and the immutable courses of nature. Resurrection follows death. Purgation precedes triumph.

After that I should not mind very much whether she regarded religion as a kind of chloroform or as an interesting anthropological study, or even as a revelation of divine truth.

❖ ❖ ❖

I SHOULD like to have a daughter. And I should hope that through her would be expressed some of the ideals which have been so imperfectly expressed in me.

POSTBAG

To the Editor of the "Daily Express."

SIR,—May I point out that the effect of tariffs depends entirely on whether they are low or high? The latter are certainly the most effective weapons to deal with the dumping of foreign goods, and they act immediately.

Considering the comparatively high costs of labour in this country, our tariffs are far too low to give our industries a fair chance.

The Agricultural Marketing Bill, if carried, would be far too cumbrous, bureaucratic, costly, and ineffective. Even Major Elliot is doubtful of its success, for he stated in the House: "If we fail, we have tried."

If that is all the confidence he has in the Bill it should not pass into law.

DAVID CLEMENTS.
50, Chasefield-road, S.W.17.

INVASION FROM THE AIR

IN the name of common sense and security from aerial aggression I suggest that the time has arrived when the air forces of Great Britain should be brought up to the strength of the strongest Continental Power as soon as possible.

The present state of affairs in Europe makes it expedient for us to prepare to defend ourselves against aerial attack.

We are playing a dangerous game by leaving our safety to chance.

The industrial north is quite unprotected. I give a timely warning. Let those laugh who may.

J. BULL.
Anglesey-road, Burton-on-Trent.

FRONT PAGE NEWS

SO it would seem an account of the matrimonial capers of Hollywood's film-stars ranks as equal news value with the doings of international statesmen?

Be British in actual fact—instead of merely shouting it.

Give Hollywood a well-deserved rest.

(Captain) M. O. NIXON.
Warren Cottage, Starcross, Devon.

WOMEN'S WALKING STYLES

NOW that the hiking season is again approaching, may I record a protest against the wearing of shorts by women?

Pyjamas, yes; lounge suits possibly. But are mirrors so rare that women cannot look at themselves and realise that the female form, however sylph-like, was never designed for these unaesthetic garments?

What is wrong with the kilt for comfort, walking, and beauty?

MARY FRASER.
Ormidale-terrace, Edinburgh.

TOO MUCH FRIENDLINESS?

OUR globe-trotting Prime Minister is trying to be friends with everybody.

He will end by being friends with nobody—unless he stays at home.

NORMAN ROBERTS.
23, Winscombe-crescent, Ealing, W.5.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

IT is quite futile to expect *all* the nations suffering from the unemployment curse to consider and act on the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount.

Nor is it really necessary. The only great truth the whole world needs to adopt—practically, not theoretically, and the great ones of the earth as well as the rank and file—is: "*Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.*"

Unfortunately one cannot hope for its adoption, because cross selfishness and "man's inhumanity to man" can never be universally expunged.

CONRAD CONROY.
Treales House, Church-street, Lyme Regis.

BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

BEAUTIFUL as Hindemith's oratorio, "Das Unaufhörliche," is, it cannot, in my opinion, hold a candle or even a dirty little charred match to a still more "advanced" oratorio by Kupfel which has only been given once in public.

I am aware that the words of an oratorio, without the musical score, will not convey very much. But even so, I think beauty peeps shyly through, like a pale ray of sunshine darting from the cloud-banks of a lousy-looking October sky.

* * *

Interruption

HERE is the poem itself, without any of the repetitions of the actual singing version:—

Auf Sturm nicht ausgebrochen—
Prodnose: What does that mean?
Myself: It means there was once upon a time a loathsome little moulting beast who couldn't keep his long nose out of other people's business. One day, as he was walking through a wood with a basket of tinned food for his dear old grandmother, who was in approach but a mince disguised as a woodcutter's daughter.

The prince took one look at this gross some fool and then caught him a resounding blow in the face with a croquet mallet that lay near by in the cottage of a society witch. And now, dear children, is how your grandfather and I came together.

Prodnose: You are wanted on the telephone.

* * *

Cheese Fancier Wrecks Conference

THE news that Mr. Bernard Shaw sprained his ankle while trying to dodge Hawaiian dancers who wanted to strew flowers upon him will come as no surprise to those who know how these Hawaiian girls respect and honour our literature.

These particular girls merely wished to show their appreciation of "Back to Methuselah." They would have done the same for Ibsen, the forward little minxes!

The best flower for strewing is the spiked cactus.

* * *

Young titled gentleman attempting to avoid the gossip columns.

* * *

London's Gay Night-Life

SOHO.

THE district known as Soho is bounded with little dens where suburban families eat spaghetti and veal cutlets, and drink the Chianti which is made near by in the Charing Cross-road.

Often, if they are not going to a theatre, those parties will sit on until ten or even ten-thirty. The laughter grows more frequent, and one may see a bowler-hatted whistling through his teeth to amuse his niece. Not that there is anything amused in that, thank goodness.

Flashing lights of Soho! What memories you bring! In our minds we can smell again the sausage and the cheese, and hear the wild music of the barrel-organ playing an interference American dance. O nights and suppers of the gods! O the dalliance and the wit! O Heaven!

* * *

A Startling Theory

IF the assumptions of the New British Assyrians are correct—and I have no reason to believe that they are—then the measurements of the Olympia building prove conclusively, until something else is proved, that the inhabitants of West Kensington are the descendants of the original Hittites and Amalekites.

* * *

It cannot be merely by chance that the distance from the main porch of Olympia to the "Speckled Grave-digger" at St. Albans is exactly eighteen times the number of the interior decoration of the vestibule, as the bee-wovvil flies.

There the matter rests at present.

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'What you doing, Daddy?'

"Putting Solignum on the floor."
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